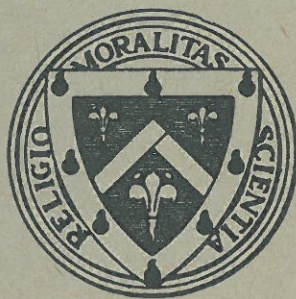


Vol 9#2

# MEASURE



SUMMER - 1947

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SAINT JOSEPH'S of INDIANA  
A College For Men  
Collegeville, Indiana



# MEASURE

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# Hamlet--A Man of Action

William J. Buchman

During the past century, many students of Shakespeare have burdened themselves with a problem from Shakespeare's **Hamlet** that can be unnecessary and is, in the main, a self-imposed dilemma. They pose the question: "Was Hamlet a procrastinator?—a slow-moving, phlegmatic, ruined idealist?—or was he a virile man of action?"

Those following the interpretation that Hamlet was an irresolute procrastinator were undoubtedly led into this viewpoint by private and over-subjective reading of **Hamlet** or by a passion for axe-grinding.

Hamlet's true character as a man of action becomes more obvious when we see the play acted out on the stage, where Hamlet's actions are unmistakably revealed. On the stage, we see Hamlet in motion and recognize his actions for their intrepidity and deliberate yet unhesitating finality. Here there is small chance for subjective distortion.

An apology, however, may be in order to these "subjectivists" who regard Hamlet as the inactive procrastinator, since men such as Samuel T. Coleridge and Johann W. von Goethe as well as some Scottish philosophers of this period, who were pleased to interpret Hamlet's character subjectively, may have influenced them to adopt this subjective viewpoint.

Small wonder, then, that Hamlet's character became involved in these two opposed interpretations.

It is the purpose of the following exposition to refute, by means of positive examples from the text of **Hamlet**, the interpretation that Hamlet was an inactive, moody, ruined procrastinator. One need be no seasoned reader or trained psychologist to pass objective judgment on Hamlet's character, since the evidence in support of Hamlet as a man of action is obvious, overwhelming, unmistakable, and conclusive.

As a foretaste of Hamlet's character, we find in Scene V of Act I, Hamlet's reply to his father's ghost, at the specter's first appearance to his son. At the ghost's mention of murder, Hamlet



ventures:

*"Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thought of love,  
May sweep to my revenge."*

Hamlet is poised for action right from the start.

Only a man of deliberate action could have struggled with his realistic problem. This Hamlet did with all the heroism and virility at his command. Witness his determined speech in Scene V of Act I. His father's ghost has just told him the story of his beloved father's murder. Hamlet shouts:

*"O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?  
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!  
... I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!"*

Hamlet has one goal now: only by means of action can and does he reach it.

In the very last lines of Act I, Hamlet sets himself for action. He says:

*"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"*

Action is here again implied by Hamlet, for only through action does he hope to "set it right!"

Once Hamlet is fully aware of the ghost's message, he loses no time. There is nothing uncertain in his plan as he assures himself:

*"... I'll have these  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;  
I'll test him to the quick: if he but blench  
I know my course."—Act II, Scene II.*

In the very soliloquy often regarded as a defense in proof of Hamlet's inactive, moody melancholy, Hamlet appears to be con-



demning the very idea of inactivity:

*"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action."*—Act III, Scene I.

In Hamlet's first two speeches of Act III, Scene II, it is well to note just how precise the fired prince is. He exercises great care in instructing the players before they perform his "Mouse-trap." He wants no slips, no flaws. He is putting a finishing touch on what proved to be one of his boldest *acts* . . . staging, before Claudius, a play which parallels the circumstances and incidents under which Claudius killed Hamlet's father.

Shortly after Hamlet has perceived the effect of the play on Claudius, he soliloquizes:

. . . *"now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on."*—Act III, Scene II.

Are not these forceful words the words of a man of action?

Even the romantic subjectivist is practically forced to concede that Hamlet's accidental slaying of Polonius is swift action. There is no hesitation or misgiving on Hamlet's part; observe:

*"How now! a rat? Dead, for  
a ducat, dead!"*

Hamlet continues to enhance his actions with precision. Towards the end of the third scene of Act III, he refuses to kill Claudius while he is at prayer, but prefers to kill him at a time when he is less favorably disposed. There is action in his very voice, though he may whisper:

*"Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;  
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes."* —Act III, Scene III



Hamlet further reveals himself as a man of action even to the point of admonishing his mother to achieve his goal. He says to her:

*"Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds  
To make them ranker.  
. . . but go not to mine uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not."*

—Act III, Scene IV

Perhaps in no better place in the play is Hamlet's philosophy of conduct defined than in his soliloquy in Scene IV of Act IV. Hamlet ponders:

*"How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unus'd.  
. . . Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough and continent  
To hide the slain? O! from this time forth  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!"*

We cannot but believe that it was with the greatest of disgust that Hamlet uttered the words, "To fust in us unus'd." Here he hands inactivity a death-dealing blow. Certainly Hamlet was living and breathing to obey the command of the ghost; certainly Hamlet's honor was at stake. He was not one to "let all sleep" and move



along subserviently as a melancholy idealist. His desire for action is intensified when he witnesses the vast army of Fortinbras marching to battle and death for a foolish, unpregnant cause, while he too could move into action. Hamlet's cause was just and weighty. He has given himself a pep talk to better dispose himself for positive action. He classifies himself as a man of action, else what need is there for him to shout, most vehemently:

*"O! from this time forth*

*My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!"*

As he thunders this with unhesitating decisiveness, we can almost see the action taking shape in his mind.

There is scarcely a time when Hamlet is not doing or thinking or saying something that bears the stamp of action. With the daring and intrepidity of a pirate, he cleverly gives Rosencrantz and Guildenstern a run for their money and substitutes another command for *their* death. At this point, Hamlet escaped by boarding the pirate vessel and returned unharmed to Denmark. Would not such conduct bear the "name of action"?

When Ophelia was being buried, Hamlet threw himself into her grave and wrestled with Laertes. Hamlet assures the burial party:

*"Why, I will fight with him upon this theme*

*Until my eyelids will no longer wag."*

—Act V, Scene I

Would a spineless dreamer have said "I will fight"? Would a melancholy idealist have thrust his way into the funeral party and mourned so actively for his dead lover? In the same scene, Hamlet continued:

*"Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?*

*Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?*

*I'll do't."*

To say the least, only a man of action would speak so.

We should have no doubt in our mind about Hamlet's character as we witness the duel between him and Laertes. Here again we see Hamlet as a man of balance and poise and self-mastery—and action. He is altogether warm and game and wholesome and courageous. There is no trace of hesitancy or dreamy delay in his thrusts.

In the second scene of Act V, Hamlet performs what he him-



self would no doubt call his act of acts. There is no scrupulosity in his manner whatsoever as he thrusts the envenomed point into the king, killing him. Observe Hamlet's simple, direct language:

*"The point envenom'd too!—*

*Then, venom, to thy work."*

Hamlet has revenged his father's murder . . . and most actively.

To the last moment of his life, Hamlet reveals himself to be a man of action. In his dying words, he entreats his loyal friend Horatio to clear his name and report to the amazed and doubtful world the cause of his actions.

Acting even to the last instant of his life, Hamlet seized from Horatio the cup of poisoned wine which he threatened to drink, and this, as Hamlet was mortally wounded. Observe Hamlet's intrepid language:

*"As thou'rt a man,*

*Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't."*

—Act V, Scene II

In this same scene, it is *action* that Hamlet wanted when he entreated Horatio:

*. . . "Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing tho unknown, shall live behind me.  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story."*

Who would not call a noble man a man of action? Who would not call a soldier a man of action? In the final scene of the play, Horatio pays Hamlet this tribute:

*"Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"*

Even Ophelia, disappointed as she may have been with Hamlet, had this to say concerning him:

*"O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown:  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!"*

—Act III, Scene I



Here again, a melancholy, inactive dreamer could not have conformed to such a description.

Laertes himself dies pronouncing Hamlet noble:

*"Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:"*

—Act V, Scene II

Hot-blooded Laertes certainly knew a man of action when he saw one.

The testimony of Fortinbras adds a finishing touch to Hamlet's character:

*"Let four captains*

*Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;*

*For he was likely, had he been put on,*

*To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,*

*The soldiers' music and the rites of war*

*Speak loudly for him."*

—Act V, Scene II

It is not to be denied that Hamlet was reflective and philosophical, but he was not so to the point of being inactive and moody. That he was a procrastinator is not true; rather, he was careful and deliberate. He did not trust in what was probable, but was content to wait until probabilities became evident facts. Hamlet never appears as a normal individual, because he doesn't get the chance. He is handicapped in this respect by his overpowering desire for revenge.

A more objective view of Hamlet's character may be seen if we observe him through the eyes of Claudius. The fact that Claudius exercised such great care to dispose of Hamlet through the medium of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on the one hand and of Laertes on the other, certainly would indicate that Claudius feared Hamlet would *act* and seek his revenge.

It is, indeed, most difficult to see how Hamlet could be called over-hesitant, purely philosophical, inactive, idealist, a defeatist, or a downright procrastinator.

It is, therefore, inconceivable how one could divorce from Hamlet's character the "name of action" without completely reversing or distorting the facts as exposed in the foregoing discussion.

No doubt it is Hamlet's extreme caution and careful deliberation that is hastily labeled procrastination and indecisive moodiness.



When one is confronted with a problem as weighty as Hamlet's, one is perfectly justified in planning and reflecting before moving into action. If a man living in the twentieth century discovered, several years after his father's death, that his beloved father was murdered, we would think it quite natural if he spent months investigating and planning and searching details relevant to the murder in order to establish evidence for the capture and punishment of his father's murderer. Such a man would not be called a procrastinator, even if he suspected the murderer. By the same token, Hamlet cannot be accused of unnecessary delay. What sane man would not have studied the problem before acting? Who would not want to be sure when human life is in the balance? A planner, a man who wants to be sure before taking action, is not a procrastinator. Then neither was Hamlet; for he too planned, was sure of events, established evidence, and took positive action.

"Why," someone may object, "did Hamlet allow himself to be shipped out of Denmark for England in the first place? Why didn't he 'take the bull by the horns' and make a quick job of Claudius? Couldn't he have killed Claudius at almost any favorable instant?" These objections soon lose their strength when we consider that Claudius was, first of all, king. Too, he was intelligent and clever and highly suspicious of Hamlet. And we can be sure that Hamlet was aware of Claudius' suspicions. As king, Claudius was well-protected by bodyguards. When did Hamlet see Claudius alone? Just once to our knowledge, but he chose not to kill him while he was at prayer, lest his soul go to heaven. Hamlet had to play the king's game for a while. Self-preservation, that age-old natural instinct in man, was by no means lacking in Hamlet. He wanted to revenge his father's death by killing Claudius, but there is no evidence to indicate that he desired to commit suicide in the attempt.

Hamlet need not be misunderstood. He, as other men of our acquaintance, was both deliberate and active. These two traits are not incompatible in one man. Hamlet proved that.



# Three To Make Ready

Tom Jordan

Flight Five, Air France, rose steadily, smoothly from the concrete ribbon. Gaining speed, it made a half circle to the west, leveled, and passed over the crooked streets and alleys of Paris. It would race the first faint glow in the east across the land of France, across the Atlantic to the world that is New York. It moved with power and ease; proud of its sleek lines, proud of its role in the lives of men.

The stewardess was walking casually up the aisle, receiving assurances that everything was all right. Yes, everyone was comfortable. She smiled and agreed with someone that it was a pleasant day for flying.

The gentleman in the gray pin-stripe in B-7 seemed oblivious to the changing scene below. Not even the rugged coast and milk-white surf that separated the land from the sea impressed him. His brief-case was open on his knees, and he was meticulously arranging his papers. He could finish a lot in the next hours; these planes had less disturbances than his office.

He was J. Wellman Rosen of Commonwealth Associates, Wall Street. This trip had been more profitable than he'd expected. Just one dinner engagement with an aide to the Food Minister, and he knew at once that a killing could be made. Buy enough now, more in fall; if their crop failed it would mean a nation on its knees. He and Bert and Sid could set this up like a kid's game; it was that easy.

He ran his left and ringed hand softly over his hair. He was rather handsome for a man of fifty. Distinguished. The waiters at the Athletic Club knew he was, and the Exchange clerks all said, "Good morning, Mr. Rosen." Not bad for a man who had a grocery in '32, and hit the street in '36.

He could better than hold his own with the young fellows in the handball room; no paunch, and his legs smooth and well proportioned. He liked to play tennis before the Sunday crowd; he could see the envy in his cronies' eyes. Even the pretty, young



girls knew he was good. They smiled and liked to talk with Mr. Rosen.

He found himself looking out the small square window, blending his thoughts with the drone of the motors. The propellers were spinning, spinning, so fast you couldn't see, or hope to see them. They were like Joe Rosen of the Columbia Fruit Market—spinning, spinning—open Sundays, every night, all night; working, smiling Joe Rosen. Filling brown bags with little cans, lettuce, mustard; smiling Joe Rosen. Watch that Joe Rosen; he's getting ahead.

Mrs. Joe Rosen stood at the cash register all night; smiling Mae Rosen, with a pencil in her hair. But she was too slow for Joe; she was left behind when he became Joseph W. Rosen. She was left behind with Max and Gabe, eight and five.

Joseph W. Rosen, real estate, used cars; smiling Joe Rosen. All makes, all prices; it was money and money for Joe Rosen. Up and up, friends and contracts, business and contacts for Joseph W. Rosen.

It was J. Wellman Rosen in '42. They had asked him in. They were one of the small ones on the street, but they were moving, Commonwealth Associates were always moving.

Joe always seemed to strike it right—buy and sell, sell and buy; a snapping snake, a cavorting trapezist, working, surging, jumping forward. It was always forward for Commonwealth and Joe Rosen. Soon it was more Joe Rosen than Commonwealth. It wasn't "Commonwealth sold"; it was "J. W. Rosen sold." It was sold by rushing, spinning Joe Rosen.

Now J. Wellman Rosen was set and solid—the best clubs, the best clothes, and an apartment with a blonde girl. They all rushed and spun for Joe Rosen—the clubs, the tailors, and the blonde.

They all rushed, all but Mae Rosen—she and Max and Gabe. Forget them. Max is in Princeton now, and Mae has more than enough; Joe Rosen saw to that. Forget them and watch the others spin for Joe Rosen, like the propellers spin.

He touched the gold chain at his vest with its three keys—his club, Joe Rosen's Commonwealth, and the apartment with a blonde. He whirled the chain in a short arc; his swimming thoughts cleared, his mind was a silent pool. So silent, no drone—no drone! My God!



The motors, the propellers—they weren't spinning, not even for Joe Rosen.

Death was coming, sudden death for Mr. Rosen. Afraid? He thought so. It was coming fast, the clouds were thinning beneath him; soon the silent world below would come up and cover Joe Rosen, cover him like the silent mournful eyes of Mae Rosen. He couldn't forget those eyes; he couldn't push them from his mind, now. Those eyes, no smile, no joy; they were Mae Rosen's eyes.

He had seen them just a month ago. She sat looking at him; Gabe stood beside her looking, looking at Joe Rosen, a sickening Joe Rosen, with a gold chain at his fingers, just as he was now going to his death with the gold chain at his fingers.

Mae Rosen, Gabe Rosen—get rid of that chain. The window. There may still be time. Open it, smash it, get rid of that chain that keeps that beastly blonde girl; throw the keys, the club, the Street. Throw the keys before he had to meet the eyes of Mae Rosen; forever, the sad, silent eyes of Mae and Gabe.

\* \* \* \*

John Thomas Mulloy sat near the window in B-3. It seemed to him that the seat should be comfortable, but somehow every seat was too small for his frame. He generally overlooked this inconvenience because it was outweighed by the admiring eyes that followed his movements down busy streets. He had the build, and he walked as if he could do something about it.

John Mulloy was going home; well, 52nd Street, anyway. It was four years since he'd seen that street or been down in the Village. It would be good to get back. First thing he'd see Nick, the tailor, and have a studio drape made to order. About a dozen good shirts, French cuffs, and as many ties came next. Top that off with a Cavanaugh, a hat that looked soft but held its shape.

Then he'd hit the town, without a girl; she'd be in the way because he was going to travel. Imagine all the barkeeps are still in their old places; surprise them by asking about the wife and kids. He'd remember how one of the little guys had scarlet fever and about the time he'd given them a pay-off tip on a long-shot at Saratoga. They'd laugh and set up the best Scotch in the house for John Mulloy. Then he'd go on to the next one.

He'd catch the late review at some of the spots in the Village;



they had his kind of artists, and there wasn't a tuxedo to elbow you at the bar. You could take those formal places to South Africa for John Mulloy's money.

About two he'd hit 52nd—the combos should be hopped-up by then. Move in and let that beat absorb him in the cigarette smoke; look at his glass and rattle the ice with immeasurable satisfaction. Ask the cigarette girl if she was tired and why she came to New York. He'd sit and drink and dream until the combos broke it up and left.

He moved his left leg to see if he could possibly stretch it full length. He remembered looking at it on Anzio—spattered with blood and sand and torn khaki. It came out all right, though, just a nasty flesh wound.

He had followed his division up the boot doing office work. Mulloy doing paper work! He sometimes got close enough to hear the artillery, but it was seldom, and it didn't worry him much. He wasn't afraid of much, people generally respected a fellow his size. He always got along, too, in the company. The bible-readers and the foul-ups all liked John Mulloy, the big, good-natured heathen.

After it was all over he started out from Paris on a bicycle in GI uniform and a black beret. He took his time. If he found a village with good wine and girls, and a quaint tavern, he'd stay.

He covered enough of the Riveria, and he agreed with those who think that heaven is on the shore of the Mediterranean in Southern France. Then he went up to Switzerland and by train to Germany. He had trouble going the short distance he did cover there, with the authorities and all. It was well worth it, though. It was worth it just to visit that monastery.

How he remembered it! It stood at the high end of a valley which was a green patchwork of fields. It had a commanding position over the tiny farms, like a towering sergeant, mustering and keeping his charges, each in his place.

A drenching mountain rain had forced him to seek shelter under its walls, and it was there the good monks, seeing his uniform, asked him in to eat and sleep.

The bells (there must have been a hundred to make that noise) woke him in the morning. He heard the chant, low, majestic, yet simple, as the brown robes made morning offering. He spent the



day roaming the compound and garden. He saw them work and heard the story of how the place was founded, by a Saint, no less, whom everyone seemed to respect a lot.

It was with pleasant amusement that John Mulloy remembered the monastery. Most of all he recalled walking along the cloister after evening meal. The young brothers had finished their last scullery work of the day and they stood about the colonades enjoying the pale softness of eventide. He heard them laugh and talk; he'd never heard such happy laughter. It wasn't throaty as in a Broadway show, or smug, or cutting. It flowed clear like a mountain stream. The walls seemed to send it back to him again and again, with a fresh tinkling effect.

He had listened, then he had started to walk across the court to the main wing and his room. It was then he noticed it, just a scent at first, at his nostrils. Then it was in his lungs; it filled them so that he gasped for breath. It was exhilarating and terrifying. It filled his mind, driving out all thoughts, leaving it was nothing yet everything; it filled, saturated, permeated. It was the air, the chant, the laughter; it was the stark white of the colonades, the cross that stood at the pinnacle of the steeple. It was He. As sure as John Mulloy was here, so God was here. At his fingers and at his side and always near. You couldn't avoid Him; you couldn't get lost in the jungles of traffic or in a drink at a bar; you had to face Him when you ate or walked or slept, He was there, always there.

John Mulloy was blind with eyes seeing until they strained. Everything about him was good and fresh and cool. For a moment he stood unsteadily, trying to make his mind think, and then with a plodding lunge he reached the door. He slammed it behind him, and strove to regain his breath.

He left early the next morning. As the bells rang, he rode hard down the winding pike to the low end of the valley. He'd think this out over a drink, or two.

He turned his head aside and lost his thoughts in the endless roll of clouds until the black, erratic strokes of the propeller and quick dip of the plane brought him forward in his seat.

He thought what? The first thing forced a smile to his face. "Goodbye Broadway, hello ——" God knows what. The plane



knifed through the clouds and he saw the flat ocean below; look well, because it won't be long. "Goodbye Broadway, I'll give your regards to —," then he felt it in his throat, then in his chest, swelling within him. His senses were reeling. He clutched the seat ahead, coughing, gasping; God, how he hated New York, the smoke, the girls, they stifled and gagged him. They numbed his soul, they and their crazy merry-go-round. If he could only fill his lungs with the air of that place, hear the laughter, that chant of the monastery, be drunk with it, live with it . . .

\* \* \* \*

The solemnity of the blue serge suit that boxed-in the small man in B-9 was augmented by the small gold cross in the lapel. The man sat in perfect tranquility. A fringe of white hair circled his head from temple to temple, and his glasses appeared to be a natural part of his quiet, unpretentious face.

This was the first time Mr. Souley, the Rev. Mr. Souley, had flown in an airplane, and he was pleased with the scene below. The machine rode soft and fast, which was far from the way Mr. Souley was accustomed to travel.

He remembered the crude looking Fords with the high wing that used to fly over his little church in Ohio. They certainly had improved them; they were so sleek and safe now. Everything had changed in these last years. Everything would change in nine years, he supposed.

He folded his hands on his lap, noting that his trousers were not in a position to be mussed. A delegation from the Mission Home in New York would meet him, mostly ladies. His new suit and white collar would have to look nice.

He'd always dreamed of sailing up the Harbor on a big steamer, past the Statue of Liberty and the wonderful skyline of New York. He always thought he'd meet the delegation at the pier; landing at an airport would be different.

He hoped they wouldn't think he spent the money for the ticket; the Home in Paris had given it to him. They said he'd done well and he should ride in style. Yes, in style. He felt the sharp crease in his pant leg and ran his hand along the edge of his coat. It certainly was style. He'd keep this suit good so he'd have it if they asked him to speak at revivals.



He hoped he could satisfy them, he hadn't spoken before a white congregation in such a long time. They would sit before him in fine black dresses, fastened with fine buttons and, maybe, with an ivory brooch at their throats. They would sit in a good stone church, the House of God, and drink in his words.

He wondered, then, with a twinge of anxiety, if his crude chapel in the jungle was, too, a House of God. He wondered if the sweating blacks that sat and squatted in the shack were honoring the Savior.

Those blacks! How did they live in that filth and ignorance? He taught and worked and strove to give them help so they could know the Good Lord and how to live a life not devoid of Christian joy.

He turned his head from the window and stared at the metal tag on the seat ahead. Those poor blacks! They were good inside, the ones he knew. They had tried to help him help them, and how they appreciated it. He cleaned their huts with his hands, dug the drainage ditch with anxious but blundering help, and built his tiny chapel. He thought they needed sanitation first. How they stood the pests and heat he didn't know. The pests nagged him incessantly, the sun maddened him. Sometimes he wondered how his lungs had continued to function.

Those first three years were the longest, then Mr. and Mrs. Ebbits came. She was a pleasant, matronly woman who could cook anything. Mr. Ebbits, well Mr. Souldy could think of nothing more enoyable than to sit in the evening with him as they smoked their pipes. They would talk of Tennyson and Wordsworth, of Wesley and Knox, of God and man. They worked together the next six years; then the Ebbits went up the river and the Mission Home in Paris called him to return.

He gave his little chapel to the blacks and hoped they would remember the way the hymns were sung, not reverting to that dreadful drum beating. He went to the coast and left the awful country for the last time. He had done his share, and he was happy it was over.

Now, after a tour, he would get a church in a small, shaded town, where the people were good and he could raise what he pleased in his garden. He would think of the Ebbits whenever he smoked his pipe in the evening, and pray that God would give him strength.



Mr. Souley was planning his garden when he noticed the motor trouble. He knew immediately that his time was near. His thoughts flew to the delegation at the airport. They would be overcome by this. And his sister in New Jersey—it would hurt her deeply, she was so proud of him.

The whistle of the wind past his windows seemed to grow louder and louder, until it was a wail. Mr. Souley tried to cover his ears, for he heard the wail of those blacks. They were crying and calling to him—a man with a broken limb, a woman in labor, a child in hunger. They were calling to him, asking for his God, his help, and he was leaving them; he was leaving them.

Why had he gone to them in the first place? Why did he leave his church and garden? He wished that the plane would fall faster, get it over with, so he wouldn't hear the wail, those blacks . . .

The pilot was maneuvering for a glide approach. It would help a little; they couldn't hope for much. Then, suddenly, with a surge for life, the port engine sputtered, whirled, and with a roar of exhilaration, strained to escape the animal of the sea, so near below. The starboard turned over, once, twice—then faster until its propeller disappeared in a whirl. The silver wings lifted as if repelled by the magnitude of the expanse below. The plane gained altitude, the motors drove it on.

It was some minutes before the stewardess regained sufficient composure to walk from seat to seat, explaining something about a bad switch and everything was going to run properly until they arrived in New York. Could she get them something—maybe brandy or hot coffee?

\* \* \* \*

The gentleman in B-7, Mr. Rosen, sat back in his seat. He looked down at the gold chain and keys in his wet, perspiring hand. He gazed upon them a moment and then stuffed them into his pocket with some distraction. He reached down and grasped his brief case, which had fallen to the floor. He gathered his papers and began to arrange them meticulously. He could get a lot finished if there were no more interruptions.

John Mulloy sat gasping for breath and hoping he hadn't made a damn fool of himself. He wished he had a drink, full of ice. He



wished he was on a bar stool so he could let his legs out. Damn these uncomfortable seats.

The man in the blue serge suit again clasped his hands on his lap. If only he could avoid all those speeches and receptions that they had planned for him. If they'd just let him go back to his little church.

## FRANKLIN

*This noon a friend and I sat down to dine,  
And by his plate he laid a tiny star,  
A myrtle blossom, delicate and fine  
In lovely blue like that of skies afar.  
For him it was the capture of a hike  
Through colorful and scented springtime wood,  
'Mid melodies of birds, and all the like  
Of animals in nature's brotherhood.  
But I beheld a distant wind-swept mound  
That gently covers o'er the boyhood friend  
With whom I never played, and found  
Thereon the myrtle that our parents tend  
So faithfully just breaking into bloom  
Of heaven's blue across his infant tomb.*

James E. Froelich



# Irish Easter Rebellion

Frank Crawford

Because it was largely instrumental in obtaining the freedom of Ireland, the Irish Easter Rebellion of 1916 provides an interesting study. Not only do the attitudes and desires of the people closely parallel those of other subjected nations but, by comparison, it can be seen that the role played by England in respect to her treatment of her possessions and attempts to retain these has been stereotyped throughout her history.

There are so many approaches to the Rebellion of 1916 that numerous phases, such as the relationship between Ulster and Eire and their individual associations with England, will have to be elided from this paper because they are so extensive in themselves. It will be attempted to furnish pertinent information concerning the attitude of the people directly prior to the Rebellion, events preparatory to the uprising, and immediate results and emotions.

At the outbreak of World War I, England appealed to Ireland to furnish manpower. Ireland responded generously. The demands were so acute, however, that voluntary enlistments did not satisfy the requirements; England, therefore, considered enacting conscription to fill her needs. This renewed the question of Home Rule, for the Irish felt that they should have a voice in determining the fate of their sons. Whereas Ireland was not at war with Germany, it appeared most unfair to have men drafted to fight for a country that had held them in constraint for centuries.

When conscription was necessary, however, Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, said that Home Rule and conscription did not go together.<sup>1</sup> Such a statement was merely another attempt to postpone the consideration of self-government, since it is appreciated that every country should be free to determine for itself its activities in war. The attitude of the Irish population is well summarized by James K. McGuire, who says,

“Ireland, having inherited nothing from England except sorrow and misery, is always asked to furnish her best blood for

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1. Creel, George, *Ireland's Fight For Freedom*, p. 47.



her exploiters whenever their empire is in danger.''<sup>2</sup>

Ireland had been attempting for centuries to obtain self-government, as stated in the Proclamation published by the rebels at the time of the uprising.<sup>3</sup> During the past few years it had appeared that the grant might be obtained, because the House of Commons voted for Home Rule in Gladstone's day as well as in 1912, 1913, and 1914. Each time the proposal was defeated by the Tory Party in the House of Lords. This made it apparent that the hatred, force, and rapacity was perpetuated by the upper class, not by the common people of England.<sup>4</sup>

Immediately following the outbreak of the global war, Sir Roger Casement left Ireland for Germany, where he endeavored to coordinate Irish activities in behalf of Germany. One of his early, but unsuccessful attempts was to raise an "Irish Brigade" from Irish prisoners of war, for service in the German army.<sup>5</sup> News also filtered back to the home country of his obtaining a promise from Germany that a German victory would mean an Irish Republic.<sup>6</sup> This was undoubtedly very effective in increasing disrespect for England and respect for Germany.

On April 11, 1916, a cargo ship, loaded with arms and ammunition and disguised as a lumber vessel, together with two submarines left Germany for Ireland. Sir Roger Casement, who had maintained contact with the Irish rebels during his stay in Germany, was aboard one of the submarines. He seems to have been charged with the responsibility of delivering the arms and coordinating the revolutionary activities.

During the voyage the cargo ship was sighted by a British destroyer. When instructed to follow to a port, the German crew

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2. McGuire, James K., *The King, The Kaiser and Irish Freedom*, p. 156. It should be noted that McGuire is definitely identified as being pro-German; however, it is felt that this particular quotation is in accordance with the attitude of the bulk of the people.

3. *Encyclopedia American*, Vol. 15, p. 353. The Proclamation stated: ". . . In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to National freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms."

4. Creel, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

5. Larned, J. M., *New Larned History*, Vol. VI, p. 4584.

6. O'Connor, James, *History of Ireland*, Vol. II, p. 268.



scuttled their ship to avoid detection. The submarines fled, and Sir Casement, with two companions, was put ashore off the coast of Kerry in a collapsible boat.

On Good Friday morning, April 21, a peasant discovered the collapsible boat used by Casement and reported the incident to the police. Soon after, Casement, questioned by police, surrendered, but he did not reveal his true identity. His two companions had gone ahead to interview the local leaders of the Irish Volunteers. When they returned (to join Casement), one was arrested and gave his name as Mucahy.

Casement was taken to London for internment. On Sunday night Mucahy voluntarily revealed himself to be Daniel Bailey.<sup>7</sup> At the same time he disclosed the identity of Casement, which the police had been unable to confirm.

The primary cause of the uprising is disputed by many. Immediately prior to the uprising, a secret order was stolen from the files of Dublin Castle. This document, declared a forgery by British authorities, directed the arrest of leaders of various subversive organizations.<sup>8</sup> Michael Joy, in his *History of the Irish Rebellion*, 1916, states that revealing this order roused the people to a state of rebellion. With thorough study, however, this incident appears secondary.

It is more probable that the revolution was motivated by the pending conscription bill and other elements making Home Rule desirable. The Proclamation itself bears out the latter:

“ . . . through her secret revolutionary organization, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organizations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army . . . we declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and undefeasible . . . ”<sup>9</sup>

The rebellion was originally scheduled for Easter Sunday, April 23, but after the arms ship had been sunk, the leaders decided to postpone it till a later date. Some of them, however, dissatisfied

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7. Larned, *op cit.*, pp. 4584, 4585.

8. Larned, *op. cit.*, p. 4586.

9. *Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 15, p. 353.



with the delay, determined to carry out the plans on Monday. Shortly after noon on Monday, therefore, the initial attacks were made on many strategic buildings in Dublin, including Dublin Castle, the General Post Office, the College of Surgeons, South Dublin Union, Liberty Hall, City Hall, and others.

At the outset of the battle, there were only four soldiers in Dublin Castle. Had the rebels pushed on, they would have had the seat of the Government of Ireland. Instead of pushing on, they established the main fortification at the Post Office. British reinforcements were brought from England,<sup>10</sup> and the holdings of the rebels shelled. Resultant fires amounted to two million pounds in property damage.

The rebel force of approximately two thousand held out for six days against a force of forty thousand. Nevertheless, the rebels were forced to surrender on Saturday. For the intensity of the battle, the rebel casualties were negligible, numbering 106 killed and 334 wounded.<sup>11</sup>

After the battle had been terminated, the British accused the Germans of instigating and financing the rebellion. Their purpose in making such an accusation was to prejudice the Allies and the United States.<sup>12</sup> It is known that the arms were obtained from Germany. Acknowledgement of this was made in the Proclamation: “. . . supported by . . . gallant allies in Europe . . .”<sup>13</sup> How much the Germans did toward financing and planning the revolt, however, is not definitely determined.

British judicial courts condemned and executed fifteen of the leaders,<sup>14</sup> committed seventy-five to penal servitude, sentenced twenty-three to short terms of hard labor, and interned 1,841 persons in England.<sup>15</sup>

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10. Approximately 250 casualties were incurred in the march to the city when sharpshooters fired on them from houses along the way.

11. O'Connor, *op. cit.*, pp. 270-274.

12. Creel, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

13. *Encyclopedia Americana*, *op. cit.*, p. 353.

14. O'Connor, *op. cit.*, p. 272. Of the fifteen condemned to death, five were signers of the Proclamation: Thomas J. Clark, Thomas MacDanagh, P. H. Pearse, James Connally, and Joseph Plunkett.

15. Larned, *op. cit.*, p. 4588.



The rebellion was at first unpopular with most of the Irish because it was pro-German; they felt it had undone all the ground-work laid to obtain Home Rule, and would bring conscription closer.<sup>16</sup> The initial anger at the foolishness of the act soon wore off.

The severity of the English treatment of the rebellion was further manifested in the case of Sir Roger Casement. Daniel Bailey, who had exposed Casement at the time of capture, offered most of the evidence against him at the trial. When the jury returned a verdict of death, Casement was asked if he had anything to say as to why sentence of death should not be passed on him. His speech will, it is said, rank with Emmet's<sup>18</sup> as a "most eloquent statement of Ireland's case as against England."<sup>19</sup>

Numerous efforts were made to secure commutation of the death sentence of Casement. Among these was a resolution of the U. S. Senate, an appeal by Pope Benedict, and a petition signed by the most prominent Catholic and Protestant clergymen and laymen of the United Kingdom.<sup>20</sup>

An initial thought of the Irish was that the revolt would destroy all hope of Home Rule and make conscription more imminent. It was soon realized, however, that the uprising was making the British give immediate consideration to self-government for Ireland rather than delay it until after the war.

"The mad venture was doomed to defeat from the very first, and virtually every man who took arms offered his life on the altar of Irish freedom with no larger hope than that his death might call the attention of the world to the Irish cause for liberty."<sup>21</sup>

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16. O'Connor, *op. cit.*, p. 279.

17. Quinn, John, "An American Opinion," *The Irish Home Rule Convention*, p. 31.

18. *New International Encyclopedia*, Vol. VII, p. 703. Robert Emmet (1778-1803), an Irish patriot and orator, was arrested in 1803 following a minor attempt to seize Dublin Castle. He was tried for treason, condemned to death, and hanged September 20. "His speeches delivered before receiving sentence and on the scaffold are held to be models of patriotic eloquence."

19. Larned, *op. cit.*, p. 4589.

20. *Ibid.*

21. Creel, *op. cit.*, p. 33.



In spite of the fact that the Dublin revolt was a military failure, the Irish question was elevated from the obscurity of a domestic quarrel and placed in international limelight.<sup>22</sup>

Every American's credo bears testimony to the justification of the American Revolution. America, however, was separated by three thousand miles from the ruling country; consequently, she was not subjected to the severe discipline that Ireland underwent at the doorstep of England. All restrained nations of past history have struck for freedom and will continue to do so, for the desire to govern self is the inherent property of every man.

During the period surrounding the Irish Easter Rebellion, England and her allies denounced Germany for dominating Poland. They even engaged in a war to liberate that country. The blood of the soldiers was wasted if it was expended to free one country and not another. If Germany did not possess the right to dominate Poland, then, by the same token, neither did England have the right to dominate Ireland.

England attempted to justify her reign over Ireland by asserting that the latter was not capable of self-support. Ireland's dependence, however, resulted from British imposed restrictions that limited economic intercourse. England further contended that Ireland could not, in any manner, survive unaided. Actually she was as capable as any other small nation in standing alone. Any argument England advanced in an attempt to justify her treatment of Ireland could easily be refuted.

This single fact remained: Irishmen were chained to the yoke of England, obliged to exert all their efforts for the welfare of the United Kingdom. During those few years England had been bungling the affairs of Ireland, more so than normally. The only solution would have been allowing the Irish to test their own abilities.

One of the immediate products of the Rebellion of 1916 was the rise in power of the Sinn Fein party over the old National party. Another reward of the insurrection was amplification of the injustice of England's treatment of Ireland. American writers in particular published innumerable works disclosing the turmoil of the

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22. O'Connor, *op. cit.*, p. 279.



### English rule.

Non-cooperation with England seemed to form the chief policy of the Sinn Fein faction. Violent guerilla warfare also prevailed throughout 1919, 1920, and the early part of 1921. In the summer of 1921, however, England and Ireland signed a truce. This truce suspended further hostilities until a conference of representatives of Sinn Fein and the English Parliament could be effected.

The conference lasted until December 6, 1921, when a treaty was signed in London. Terms of the treaty provided that Southern Ireland become a Free State with dominion status within the British Empire. After ratification by British Parliament on December 16, and the Sinn Fein Parliament on January 7, 1922, a provisional government was set up in Dublin.

Ireland's future finally seemed assured. Both Northern Ireland and the Free State realized that the prosperity of each depended upon harmonious relations between themselves and with Great Britain. "The ties of blood which exist between them and the influence of literature and language will knit their sympathies."<sup>23</sup>

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23. *Encyclopedia Americana*, op. cit., p. 322.



# Fate

Frank N. Crawford

Wish I had false teeth. I could send them out to the cleaners. Or stick them in the fish bowl. Wonder if goldfish ever go on a binge. Would a drunk fish stagger? Well, I'll have to find out about that some day. The thing now is to get away from this hole.

The "hole" referred to was verily an enticing bedroom. Cleanliness and care of the antiquated furnishings compensated for lack of splendor. A visitor wouldn't be disturbed by the few brushmarks indicating that the iron bed had been repainted. Neither would the neatly mended curtains nor slightly faded wallpaper particularly detract. A blooming plant and filtered sunlight aided in purifying the atmosphere. The domestic radiance of the room, however, was now diffused by carelessly strewn clothing, desecrating trademarks of the uncouth inhabitant.

"Good morning, Mom. What's for breakfast?"

"Norm, how long is this to go on?"

Oh, oh! eggs and sermon again. "But Mom, a friend doesn't get married every day."

"No. But if it's not a marriage, it's a divorce, or Tom makes a big sale, or Mr. Pellegrini's setter dies. And lately you've been drinking in the afternoon. It keeps growing on you, getting bigger and bigger 'till you're morally dead and your soul lives on in a bottle."

"O. K. Mom."

"You promised you'd go to work, Norm. After your good father died . . ."

"For God's sake don't bring that up again!"

\* \* \* \*

Ah boy! Nothing like a beach and hot sun to boil Scotch out of a man. Not a care in the world, that's me all over. Beautiful day, beautiful sea, beautiful skyline, beautiful . . . well, well—beautiful broad. Umm, blonde and very neatly stacked. And what a bathing suit! Or should I say, what a bathing suit that isn't?

Maybe I should get married. Not getting any younger, and



Mom worries so much. I shouldn't have been so rough this morning. She sure would like to see me get married. I could even take care of her instead of the reverse. Yep, that's the deal. Lay off the bottle, get a nice girl—like Betty, she always liked me—marry, and take care of Mom. The rebirth of Norm Sturgis! Think I'll make like a ruptured duck and break the glad tidings to Mom.

Well, get going, bub. The light's green now. There's the Circle Bar. Tied on a good one there one night. Ya know, I think this rebirth deal ought to call for a little drink—nothing strong, just a toast to the future. A Martini before dinner, nothing wrong with that.

"Yes sir?"

"Uh . . . how's your beer?"

"Cold."

"Umm. Make it a double bourbon and beer."

\* \* \* \*

"Refill!"

"Say Mister, don't you think you're well enough organized now?"

"You polish your glasses, bub. I'll take care of myself. Ya know what day this is?"

"Third of June."

"Don't be so dismal. This is a great day, bub . . . the rebirth of Norm Sturgis!"

"Yeah? Well, remember, this ain't the maternity ward."

Wise guy. That's all there is in this world, wise guys. Everyone has a solution to everything. Kick the other guy down and stand on him. That's the way they all get up in the world. Take this tap jockey. Probably thinks I never had a drink before. Well, I'll show him. I'll drink the joint dry and show him what Norm Sturgis can do with his liquor.

Stayed longer than I thought. Gotta get home now and break the glad tidings to Mom. I'll make this crate roll. That's one thing about Norm Sturgis, can drink plenty and still drive. Open her up and to hell with anything that gets in the way. That's what I like about liquor—makes a man free. Brings out what is really in a guy. Norm Sturgis is driving now, king of Summit Avenue. Come on, baby, you can go faster than this. Oh, oh! My turn,



can't make it . . . I can't . . .

\* \* \* \*

Funny how quick a guy can sober up. Not that I was drunk, but a little groggy, I guess. Shouldn't have gone so fast. Here comes the meat wagon. Wonder who the old gal was. Should've gone over to look at her, but what the hell . . . why should I clutter almost missed it. I'm going too fast—shouldn't have tried it. I up my mind with tragedy. I'm too young to be burdened with such memories. I'll send flowers; express my sympathy to the family. That'll square everything. It wasn't my fault anyhow. Car went out of control and there she was. They can't hang anything on me. Accidents happen every day. Fate . . . that's what it was—Fate. Fate made this happen just as I was going to straighten up. This will hurt Mom, but ya can't explain Fate.

That joker from headquarters is going over my billfold like it was a good book. Here he comes again . . . I can see another sermon in the making.

“Murph.”

“Yes sir.”

“Take Sturgis to the Clinic for a blood-alcohol test, then bring him to headquarters. By that time I'll have drawn up the manslaughter charges—for killing his mother.”



# Photius and the Eastern Schism

Wallace H. Wiseman

A retrospective view of the Catholic Church reveals to us not only her unity of worship and government but also the miracle of stability. Her stability alone is the wonder of her adversaries. The Church has weathered perils that would have caused the downfall of any earthly institution. At times it seemed that she was broken and doomed to destruction, but as the danger passed the Church would rise again, stimulated with new vigor and zeal amid the destruction of her enemies. The Protestant writer Maculay says,

“There is not and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs.”

Dangers have come from within the Church as well as from without. There have been instances when men, unworthy of the great honor and responsibility vested in them, have been thrust into ecclesiastical positions; had it not been for the guiding hand of God, the Church might have succumbed beneath the onslaught. Such was the case in the Eastern Schism in the year 857 A. D.

Ignatius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, had refused to acquiesce to the evil wishes of Michael III, the newly risen monarch. For this crime, if crime we may call it, he was banished from the country. Photius, a greedy, ambitious, but talented man in Michael's court, was thrust into the vacant See. He was a man of exceptional powers, having shown skill as writer, orator, grammarian, theologian, and statesman.

Among his other talents was his well-polished art of deceit. Honest, sincere men of true worth were so overcome by his intrigues that they soon fell into sympathy with his villainous intents. The clergy under the jurisdiction of the patriarchate were either inveigled into sympathy with the intruder, for Photius was just that, or they suffered banishment.



The splendor and glory of the Eastern Church had long since been lost by neglect of holy teaching and an overshadowing of all the correct principles of faith. The solitary push of an evil hand was all that was needed to send it plunging into the abyss of ruin. In Photius was found this instrument of destruction.

Photius, a layman at the time of his usurpation of the See of Constantinople, was quickly raised through the minor orders of the Church and was just as hurriedly consecrated bishop. To appease the inevitable wrath of Rome, he wrote a letter to Pope Nicholas I in an attempt to deceive him into believing that Ignatius had resigned and he had been chosen lawfully. Pope Nicholas, however, seeing through the wily schemes of Photius, refused Papal approval until a resignation from Ignatius had been received and accepted. Indescribable torture was unleashed upon Ignatius until, at last, a false signature was wrung from his unwilling hands.

Divine Providence must have been watching very closely over the Pontiff at this time. He refused to accept the resignation. Nicholas excommunicated Photius, and Photius in turn excommunicated Nicholas. Neither of them made the slightest headway. Photius certainly gained no ground. Many researchers contend that had the Pope been more diplomatic in handling the situation the schism of the Eastern Church might have been avoided.

Twice Photius lost his hold on the Eastern See, but each case was the result of political circumstances within the kingdom and not to any pressure applied by Rome.

Conditions were temporarily restored to normal when, by a cabal, Basil the Macedonian succeeded Michael to the throne. Ignatius was restored and Photius banished. For a period of about seven years the Church enjoyed comparative peace in the East. Then in 878, the Holy Pontiff was forced to turn again to Constantinople, to Basil, who had once proven himself to be a useful exponent of the faith. This time the Pope needed Basil's armed force to subdue uprisings in the Western empire.

To his astonishment, the Pope found that conditions were no longer the same in the East. Photius, the once banished schismatic now enjoyed the freedom of the court, often having the audacity to appear in pontifical attire. His cleverness had gained for him his last and most coveted possession, power. The death of St. Ignatius had opened for him a clear pathway, leading to the dignity



of the patriarchy. The struggle between the East and Rome was resumed, and that excommunication of Photius was renewed at the Council of 869.\*

\* Recent research by two Catholic European scholars, who worked independently of each other, has brought to light several interesting facts concerning the Schism of Photius. They have come to the conclusion that the Council (869-870) which condemned Photius was not a true council because its acts were signed by Pope John VIII, and that Photius made his peace with the Church and died in communion with her. Therefore, it is their contention that there was but one Greek schism, the Schism of 1054.

His grip on the Eastern Church was not broken until the death of Basil, when a new monarch came into power. Photius was banished, this time never to return. His schism was at an end.

Even though the schism of Photius was intrinsically evil, a partial compensation for the eruption is found in his valuable writings. They stand as witness to the fact that he had the most brilliant mind of his day. He was very widely read for his time. One of his works is an analysis of various writings read by him. That he was an outstanding theologian is ascertained by his work concerning the harmony of the laws and canons.

Another of his noteworthy theological works is his classification of the Canons under fourteen titles. The remarkable characteristics concerning his theological writings is that at no time has he mentioned a word in favor of his schism. Apparently the honesty and virtue that was lacking in his character was given voice through his pen.

It is unfortunate for the world that men with such talent and energy are often overpowered by an insatiable ambition. Photius might have his name recorded in history as one of the world's most valuable exponents in any field of endeavor if such were not the case. Instead, he was led by his own appetites down the crooked paths of deceit to ruin.



# Hold That Pen!

Donald A. Vogl

## THE CAST

HIRAM P. McDUFF.....	<i>The lovable old manager and owner of the Palace Theatre</i>
BILL McWILLIAMS.....	<i>The upright local sheriff</i>
JOSEPH ATKINS	
AND	<i>The prospective new</i>
RICHARD GLEASON.....	<i>managers of the Palace</i>
NICK.....	<i>McDuff's faithful Negro helper</i>
TOM McDUFF.....	<i>Hiram's runaway son</i>

(The scene is the manager's office of a small-town theatre. There is a window u.c. and doors d.l. and d.r. A large desk is u.l. facing the audience. Among the various articles piled on it are an ash tray, a telephone, a pen and inkwell, a picture of a lad of about seventeen, a few books, some stationery, theatre posters, etc. A large chair is behind the desk, and a small waste basket is to the left of it. A sofa stands against the wall u.r. A framed diploma-like document hangs on the wall above the desk.. As the curtain rises we see Mr. Hiram McDuff crouched behind the desk emptying the drawers and adding to the already high pile on the desk. There is a knock at the door d.l.)

McDUFF (Looking up wearily.) Come in. (The door opens, admitting Sheriff Bill McWilliams.)

SHERIFF Hello, Pop. (There is an embarrassing pause.) Thought I'd come over early and see if I could give you a hand.

McDUFF Thanks, Bill. Not much more to do though. All we have to do now is haul this stuff away, and Nick will be over with the car in a little while for that. (He crosses to the window and stares out meditatively.)

SHERIFF (Dropping his hat on the sofa.) It isn't going to be the same old place, Pop. We're going to miss you. We want you to know that.

McDUFF Huh? Oh, yeh, yeh! Thanks, Bill. (Sighs.) Yes, it's going to be different all right, really different starting tomorrow. (Glances at document above desk.) Which

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THIRTY-THREE



reminds me. (Climbs up on chair to take it from the wall.) I want to keep this. It'd be sorta out of place here after tomorrow.

SHERIFF What is it, Pop. (Walks toward him.)

MCDUFF It's the best gift the Palace ever got. Got it last year on the twentieth anniversary of the day the Palace opened its doors. (Reading.) "To Hiram McDuff from the people of Clearwater in due recognition of the fact that for twenty years he has provided them with good, decent entertainment. May success be always with him and the Palace Theatre." (Stands staring at the document.)

SHERIFF It's a downright shame, Pop. After tomorrow the Palace will never see a document like that again. Tomorrow the new managers open up with a picture that's been condemned from coast to coast. The Palace is Clearwater's only movie house. Now it looks like we're going to have to give up decency or give up the movies. (Their is a shuffling of feet outside the door d.r. and Atkins and Gleason enter carrying a long low table which they place below the window u.c.)

GLEASON (Wiping the sweat from his forehead.) What's that you said about giving up the movies, Sheriff? No worry about that, I assure you. Wait'll you see the new Palace.

SHERIFF (Crosses to desk, picks up a small newspaper clipping.) Ever see one of these, Gleason?

GLEASON What is it? (Advances toward Sheriff.)

SHERIFF It used to be Clearwater's movie guide. They call it the Legion of Decency List. Ever heard of it?

ATKINS Listen, Sheriff, we'll run the movie house. You've got a job of your own to handle.

GLEASON Clearwater's been following that thing too long. We're gonna bring the old town up to date.

ATKINS (As they leave.) Get that pen and ink ready, McDuff. In fifteen minutes you turn this place over to us. (They leave d.r.)

SHERIFF (In disgust Bring us up to date! And here's their picture for tomorrow—(pointing) way down at the bottom of the list.



McDUFF Yeh, and that's probably how it will be from now on. That's why giving up the old place hurts so much.

SHERIFF Pop, why didn't you tell us how things stood? We would have been glad to chip in and pay off the mortgage. But we didn't have any idea things were this tight.

McDUFF Well, it's my personal debt, Bill. I didn't want to pan it off on anyone else.

SHERIFF Your personal debt? I thought it was the mortgage!

McDUFF (Drops into chair behind desk.) Well, Bill, do you remember that trouble Tommy got into with Mr. Britton twelve years ago?

SHERIFF Yes.

McDUFF Well, Britton threatened to take the case to court. We had a private talk and he agreed to settle for three thousand dollars.

SHERIFF Three thousand! (Whistles softly.)

McDUFF Yeh, it did seem like a lot, and it meant a mortgage on the Palace, but I was willing to do it to save Tommy from the disgrace of going to court.

SHERIFF And then Tommy ran away on you!

McDUFF Yeh. (Picks up picture of young boy and gazes at it fondly.) Wonder where Tommy is now, and what he's doing. (Drops picture on desk, rises) Twelve years—long time—why Tommy's a grown man by now. (Nick, the Negro helper enters d.l.)

NICK All ready to start haulin', Mist' 'Duff.

McDUFF Huh? Oh, yeah—Well, we've got about fifteen minutes to get cleared out, Nick. There it is; (pointing to desk) start hauling.

NICK No hope, Mist' 'Duff?

McDUFF Fraid not, Nick. We'd better start clearing out.

SHERIFF Pop, what do you say we hop across the street and get a cup of coffee?

McDUFF Good idea, Bill. I'll be back in a few minutes, Nick. Just get all that stuff piled into the car. (McDuff and the sheriff leave.) (Nick picks up picture of Tommy, stares for a minute, and then sets it down shaking his head. He get's an



armful of papers and starts for the door when the phone rings.)

NICK (Hurrying back to the desk and dropping papers.) Palace Theatre. Yas, suh, Mist' Tommy. Your father ain't here just—(Blinks, looks up in surprise) Who'd you say this is? Mist' Tommy! (Picks up picture. Stares at that, then at the receiver.) Dis don't look much like you . . . Huh? Dis is Nick. Is dat really you, Mist' Tom? Yeh. Say, you better get over here right away. Mist' 'Duff is just 'bout losing the Palace. He . . . Oh, you know bout dat? Huh? Oh, I 'spect 'bout two thousand dollars. You got dat much! Yahoo! Hurry over, Mist' Tom. We save da Palace yet. (Drops receiver) Yahoo! (Smacks hands together, starts a little jig in front of the desk. Stops suddenly, thinks.) Mist' Tom better hurry up. Not much time.  
(Gleason and Atkins enter d.r.)

GLEASON Where's the old man, Nigger?

NICK Cross the street.

ATKINS Well, he better get back. We ain't got any time to waste. (Drops into sofa.)

GLEASON Come on, Nigger. Get this junk outa here. We don't want it hanging around.

NICK Yas suh. (Nick busies himself piling articles into his arms.)

GLEASON (Spreading an official-looking document out on desk.) Well, there she is. Now all we need is McDuff's signature. (He places the pen and inkwell next to the paper and crosses to the window lighting a cigarette. Nick glances cautiously over his shoulder, then picks up pen and inkwell, sets them atop his stack of papers and leaves d.l.)

GLEASON Turning to Atkins as he drops match in ash tray.) In a matter of minutes the Palace will be ours. Then we'll show the people of this town how to run a theatre.

ATKINS What do you think about that Legion of Decency stuff the Sheriff was trying to feed us?

GLEASON A lot of bunk!

ATKINS But the people here are used to that sort of picture.



What if they won't come to our type?

GLEASON They'll come. They may think they don't like anything but those kid pictures, but just wait till they get a gander at some of our pictures. The Legion of Decency may condemn them, but they're box office hits all over the country, and they'll be that here, too.

ATKINS Hope you're right.

(McDuff and the Sheriff enter d.l. Atkins and Gleason rise hastily and cross to desk.)

GLEASON Well, finally got here, eh, McDuff.

McDUFF Yeh, sorry, didn't realize the time.

ATKINS (Eagerly) Well, here she is, McDuff. Just add your John Hancock here.

McDUFF (Feeling his pockets.) Uh—got a pen?

GLEASON Ain't there one there? I just put one right there next to the deed. (Searches on desk.) Oh, that stupid nigger probably took it.

ATKINS There's one in my coat pocket; I'll go get it. (Leaves d.r.)

McDUFF (Still searching his pockets as Nick enters d.l.) Nick, have you seen my glasses?

ATKINS (Entering d.r.) Here you are, McDuff. Go to it.

NICK Wait a minute, Mist' 'Duff. Ah just took your glasses out to the car. You just wait a minute an' I'll get them.

McDUFF Yeh, you better, Nick.

(Nick leaves d.l. Atkins and Gleason sigh impatiently. There is an embarrassing silence before Nick finally enters with the glasses.)

NICK (Entering d.l.) Here you is, Mist' 'Duff.

GLEASON Ready now, McDuff?

McDUFF (Putting on his glasses.) Yep. (Bends over desk with pen poised.)

NICK You read that yet, Mist' 'Duff?

McDUFF Huh?

NICK Better read that 'fore you sign.

SHERIFF Nick's right, Pop. It's best to know what you're putting your name to.

GLEASON Say, what is this? There's nothing wrong with that deed.

SHERIFF Better read it anyway, Pop.



MCDUFF Maybe I'd better. (Sits down behind desk and begins reading. Atkins and the Sheriff drop into the sofa. Gleason hurls cigarette to floor and strides to window. Nick slips over to door d.r., glances around nervously. As he catches sight of the ceiling lights his eyes brighten. He leaves d.r. Gleason shatters the tense silence with a long cough. Atkins lights a cigarette. Suddenly all lights black out.)

GLEASON What the ——!

ATKINS Now what's going on?

SHERIFF Must be a fuse. Where's your fuse box, Pop?

MCDUFF Downstairs in the basement. Guess we'd better go down and check it. (Sheriff lights a match. He and McDuff leave d.r.)

GLEASON (Yelling after them.) Make it snappy, McDuff. It's getting late. (To Atkins) I got a feeling somebody's got something up his sleeve, Joe. We better get that thing signed as quick as possible.

ATKINS Yeh, I don't like all this waiting.

(Lights come on. Sheriff, McDuff and Nick enter d.r. McDuff and the Sheriff appear a bit angry. Nick looks around sheepishly, then wanders over to the door d.l. and leans against the door frame.)

SHERIFF Let's go, Pop. It's getting late.

MCDUFF Yes, yes, right away, Bill. (Gleason and Atkins smile in expectancy and crowd around McDuff as he bends over the desk. Suddenly—.)

NICK Mist' Tom!

McDuff straightens suddenly and turns toward door d.l. Tom enters, stops. McDuff stares, unbelieving.)

TOM Hello, Dad.

SHERIFF Tom! Come on in, Tom!

MCDUFF Tom, Tom, my boy. It's good to see you. (They meet in the center and shake hands warmly, each beaming joy.)

GLEASON Say, this is no time for a family reunion. How about signing this thing, McDuff.

TOM What thing?

MCDUFF Oh, this deed, Tom. You see, I'm losing the Palace.

TOM (In feigned surprise.) Losing the Palace?



- ATKINS (Coming forward angrily.) Yes, Mr. McDuff's mortgage comes due tonight. He can't pay and will have to turn the Palace over to us—the company's agents. Satisfied?
- TOM Not quite. How much does he need?
- GLEASON (Angrily) Two thousand dollars, which he has no chance of getting.
- TOM (Drawing billfold from pocket.) Sorry to disappoint you men, but Mr. McDuff has the money. (Counts out bills and hands them to Gleason who stares at them incredulously.)
- GLEASON But—but you can't do that now?
- ATKINS Listen, bud, we've got advertisements all over town about the new management; and the doors are open to everyone tomorrow—or so the signs say. The Palace is going to look awful cheap when all those things don't materialize.
- TOM I saw your sign, boys. The doors will be open to everyone tomorrow. But not for your lousy picture. We're gonna throw a big party—yeah, a party to celebrate the beginning of the new management.
- GLEASON (Bitterly) What new management?
- TOM (With his arm on the shoulder of his dazed father.) McDuff and Son.  
(Nick enters d.r. carrying everything he had taken to the car earlier.)
- NICK Is de situation well in hand, Mist' Tom?
- TOM Yes, sir, Nick. McDuff and Son take over tomorrow. (Nick starts forward beaming. Suddenly he trips over his own feet and falls. The books and papers fly all over the floor. Nick sits up, scratches his head and, amid the laughter of all, says:)
- NICK Well, dey certainly started off wid a bang.  
The Curtain Falls.



# My Taste In Murder

John Bican

We find ourselves surrounded daily, besides by taxes, by murders. "Murder," screams the headline of our daily newspaper, which contains not only graphic recounts of the deed in story form, but also detailed pictures of the victim, the victim's relatives, the victim's friends, the victim's home, and the victim's neighborhood, so that soon we are almost jealous of the victim's publicity.

"Latest spine chiller," announces the Murder a Minute Book Club, "guaranteed to raise your hair on end from cover to cover." When we do reach the end of this best chiller, we find all the characters buried, and if not, at any rate, dead and unable to be interred because there is no one left to bury these poor, soulless shells. We almost give way to the temptation of burying the book in a far-away spot so that no one else will be unfortunate enough to have his spine chilled by this particular piece of literature.

Hoping to escape from life's troubles at the nearby cinema, we are doomed to disappointment. There on the marquee blaze the words, "Double Feature—'Mad Moron Murders' plus 'Camile's Casual Crime'." So, reconciled to our fate, we spend three harried hours in the theatre and an even more uncomfortable hour on our way home, seeing the mad moron lurking behind every tree, or casual Camile awaiting us in our unlighted front hall.

When during the opera season we attend the performance of *Carmen*, we discover to our dismay that the heroine is stabbed by her jealous lover, who in turn ends it all by plunging the dagger, stained with the fair maiden's blood, into his own bosom. "Magnificent rendition," raves Olivia O'Shaughnessy, the local culture critic. "Gory mess," is our only and disgusted comment.

Probably with the advent of television we will have the nightly murders committed in our own comfortable living rooms, since radio, her elder sister, already brings crime galore over the ether waves. Who has not been "entertained" by "Harold the Hoodlum" and his counterparts on all stations, at all hours, on all days? Personally, I have already made plans for my first murder—bare handed—the murder of my television set if I cannot see at



least a fair rating of non-murder stories to presentations of blood and brutality.

No, I'm not for shutting down our daily papers, nor running the book clubs out of town, nor boycotting the movies, nor refusing to lend support to the opera, nor refusing to purchase science's latest inventions.

What I am for is scrapping of the sensational murder stories and all other forms of crime presentation; because is it not perhaps the publicity that the criminal receives that urges others to become criminals? Yes, man is an imitative creature, even to this extent.

Why overemphasize one phase of our way of living, a way that, if anything, should be understressed. If we refuse to make heroes of characters like Rudolph the Ruthless in our movies and on our radio programs, we may prevent our neighbor from becoming his counterpart in the newspaper columns.

Even I have given thought to putting the cold muzzle of a water pistol to the backs of the heads of my profs to force them to revise their opinions about my algebra problems, or themes, or term papers, and if they refuse—why, squirt! And I even believe I've seen the urge to cram a text down the throat of a slow student in the eye of a despairing prof.

So, as the famous personage once said, "The proof of the matter is all in the pudding," similarly the reason for our real life dramas is to be found in the material fed to the public from all sides. Crime, sensationalism, murder—my taste is sickened by it all.



# The Fire

Leo F. Herber

Bill knelt down in front of Daisy, pointed his pistol at the star in her forehead, turned his face, bit his lip, and pulled the trigger. Legs gave one violent twitch, drew up, then relaxed. The white mare was dead. He would have to trudge the rest of the way home from the Civil War.

For more than a year Daisy had carried Bill in the do or die cavalry rides commanded by General Grant. For two days she had borne him homeward. Instinctively she seemed to sense the direction to be taken. Then she had stumbled and broken a leg as horse and rider groped their way along unbeaten paths through miles of wilderness somewhere in eastern Ohio. They could not be so far now; Bill, however, could not have been more confused had he been blindfolded and in a sack.

"That's the first time I ever struck you, Daisy," Bill said aloud but with a choke in his voice. It was evening, and there was nothing to do but camp for the night. Bill knew how to pick his way in daylight by the moss on the trees even if there was no sun; but he was not an astronomer, who could guide himself by the stars. He gathered up his knapsack and looked for a clearing to build a fire.

Thoughts of returning home would have buoyed Bill up had it not been for the loss of the mare. It was a beautiful June evening with a stiff breeze washing his face cool. Birds sang their courting melodies — tangers, cardinals, and quail. Grey squirrels chased one another playfully. Bill picked out a plump male, aimed his pistol and fired. He had meat for his supper. Still, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, he glanced over to where the mare lay stiffening. A sigh came with the next breath.

Soon the squirrel was skinned and cleaned, and the drywood fire burning. The meat would be unsavory and parched; it would at least be nourishing. And Bill had ridden long that day.

When he had eaten, Bill pulled out his pipe again and sat for an hour smoking. The fire died down. He rolled out his blanket, wrapped himself into it, and lay down to sleep.

But sleep would not come. He thought of home. He



thought of the battles he had been in, the comrades who were not returning home as he was. Finally, he sat up and refilled his pipe. Another hour passed. More and more Bill's thoughts traveled homeward.

"Maybe if I read those letters, I could sleep," he again spoke aloud. To read them in the darkness was impossible. Bill built another fire, reached into his knapsack and pulled out a grimy envelope in which he had kept his letters from home.

The first was about Aunt Marge's death. It came soon after he had enlisted. Bill re-read every line of this and the others he had kept in chronological order. Most of them were from his wife, Jean. Many times he smiled at the scribbles on the margins that the children had set down as they tried to write to daddy.

Jean's last letter made him laugh aloud:

"I hope you can come home soon, Bill. It will be such a pleasure to see the house full of smoke again. How I used to hate those pipes! now I have a whole box waiting for you.

"Uncle Joe always teases me when I wonder when you will come. 'Don't worry, Jean,' he says; 'he'll send you a smoke signal from the other side of the state.'"

Lovingly Bill put the letters back into his knapsack and curled up again in his blanket. Sleep must have come almost immediately.

In his sleep he had a hideous nightmare. He was out alone on horseback in a terrific thunderstorm. Flashes of lightning blinded him. Cracks of thunder deafened him. A cold rain, pouring down, chilled him through and through. He was in a wooded area. One bolt of lightning spilt a tree a hundred feet ahead of him, and a big limb came tumbling down with a crash. Bill awoke with a start. Cold sweat oozed out of every pore.

His camp fire was loose. Flames were marching through the dry leaves that lay on the ground throughout the winter. The evening breeze had become a wind to fan the flames. Bill grabbed his blanket and began to flail the ground. He choked on the smoke, but he battled on.

Suddenly he thought he heard hoof beats. He did hear hoof beats. And over toward the east he could see three riding lanterns.

For a moment Bill was glad. Help to put out the fire that threatened to sweep through the entire forest. Bill started to



run back to get a breath of fresh air before continuing his labor. But at that he heard a shout: "Stop where you are! If you're one of that Homsey gang trying to burn me out, I'll shoot you deader than a dry mackerel."

Bill froze to the spot. The same voice boomed: "All right, neighbors; you know how we get these hoodlums." Acting like a machine, the other two men began to move ahead. One of the horsemen halted, facing Bill; the other rode a few yards further ahead, stopped and turned.

"Close in!" barked out the leader's command. All three moved toward each other, muskets leveled. Then the leader dismountd while the other two kept the captured man covered.

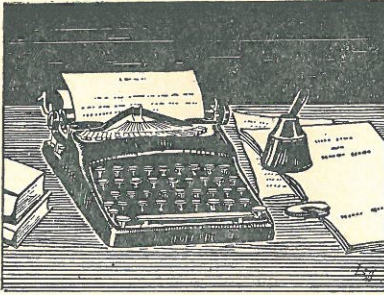
Standing directly in front of Bill, the man raised his lantern and peered into the astonished captive's face.

"Bill!" It was Uncle Joe. "Bill, you tobacco-smoking cuss! Let's get this fire out. I want to gallop back and tell Jean."



## EDITORIAL

The C & O train for Washington was sticky that mid-September afternoon when I boarded it in Cincinnati. I settled



down in No. 7 and opened my book, **Principles for Peace**. Soon, however, my eyes were roaming over the Kentucky landscape, with its parched slopes dotted by shacks that looked uninhabitable yet were home for a breed of men.

At the first station a college-age girl entered the car and took a seat across and up the aisle. She sat facing me in No. 14. The girl smiled at the conductor who received her ticket, and she seemed to smile at me when, after the train had stopped two or three times, I walked up the aisle for a stretch. She was studious: she took her portable out of its case and wrote a letter; then she began to read—with her hands—in Braille. For the girl was blind.

Somehow, however, as I sat watching her, I couldn't help thinking that of all the occupants of this parlor car, she was the least blind. No one gave her any attention—not even the woman passengers, who might easily have approached her without benefit of introduction. A man—she might tell him to mind his own business. She didn't. Perhaps my desire to make her trip more enjoyable was mixed with the desire to put the rest of the travelers to shame.

Let's let the girl go on to a college in Philadelphia.

\* \* \* \*

The Chinese, observes one American who went over the hump in an animal-pack convoy, and flew back from China to Burma, have a humor that reminds one of little boys who pull girls' hair or tie cats tails together and hang the squawling felines over the washline. The Chinese weep at a wedding, laugh at a wake. They resorted to back-slapping laughter at pictures of war devastation



in the American papers; they shoved their own associates out the hatch of a plane in flight, then roared with gleeful emotion as the hurtling victims dashed down to earth and death.

But perhaps America isn't so far behind China after all. At least, the Rev. William J. Kerrigan, editor of **The Catholic Art Quarterly**, finds:

"people, on the one hand, (who) have emotions that are on hair-trigger—they will emote at the slightest prompting. On the other hand, they are vastly uncritical and any regard for whether the emotion is appropriate or not would, of course, run a chance of hindering their fun."

Father Kerrigan remarks further:

"The adult observer feels that the sentimental artist is trying to bully him into having emotions. His reaction is embarrassment or anger or disgust when it is not laughter. He realizes that the artist succeeds in appealing, not to him, but to people who enjoy emotion for its own sake, who are always looking for any excuse to take a bath in emotions."

\* \* \* \*

Most of us enjoyed Bing Crosby's song with the recurrent refrain, "Or would you like to be a pig?" or some other animal. Stop to think of it, would you? A pig is a clean animal. Owned by a stockman who keeps a cost account of his transactions, it grows sleek and prime in six months, when it is ready for marketing. Then it is—sausage.

Naturalism believes in man as pig. And in the words of the Rev. John La Farge, S.J., editor of **America**:

"Naturalism is today a militant force, fired inwardly with pride and passion, and armed outwardly with the might of vast political power, of elaborate world organization, of clever propaganda, of bewildering ability to confuse, divide and disrupt."

\* \* \* \*

Three pencillings for the Catholic journalist to ponder—the selfishness that lurks within; the emotionalism on which the public is fed; the godlessness that underlies the gravest political and social issues of our time. Catholic journalists are "not pub-



lishing for angels or archangels but for men and women with emotions as well as brains."

\* \* \* \*

## Dearest Mother

Dearest Mother:

A generous flow of sympathy has been advanced by my classmates and professors concerning the illness which will prevent you from attending my First Mass tomorrow. Physically separated, we shall, nevertheless, be together in our communion of love for God. When I stand at the foot of the altar, it will be the result of innumerable sacrifices on your part. It will be as if you yourself were in my place declaring, "Introibo ad altare Dei."

Early recognition of my congenital plight was soothed by your love. Instead of allowing me to form hatred for those who mocked my state, you taught me to prize my existence. Instead of allowing me to struggle with my oppressors, you tutored me to dispatch petitions to God that they might inventory my righteousness, their wrongs, and make proper adjustment. In all the executions of my priestly charges, therefore, will be mirrored the handiwork of your heart.

Now as I proceed on my journey, I shall toil with all the fervor that you did in preparing me for it. And, as I traverse the ways, I shall probably draw admiration and respect because of my "collar." How foolish, for every man should be appraised for what he is; not merely those who bear a mark of distinction. There will also still be a few who will slander me with the cruel label of "Black Boy," now modified, "That Colored Priest." Little does that matter, however, for I am a creature just as they are, and God loves me just as He does them; and I excel them in one regard, for I must love God more than they, else they would not display such disrespect for one of His creatures.

"Black Boy," "Colored Priest," or what not, you know, I know, and God knows that I am His humble servant and . . .

Your son,  
Sacerdos.

Frank N. Crawford

SUMMER, 1947

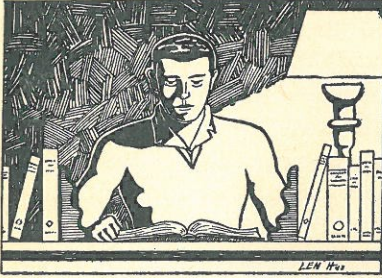
FORTY-SEVEN



## BOOK REVIEWS

**Austrian Requiem.** By Kurt Von Schuschnigg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1946.

Another tale of cruelty, war, hate, intrigue, and rotten international politics is told by *Austrian Requiem*. However, unlike



many other similar contemporary narratives of the past world conflict, this book can be looked upon from two different viewpoints. The first is the pathetic story of an individual, Kurt von Schuschnigg, who suffered the full vent of Hitler's wrath because he dared to follow the dictates of his conscience; the second is the story of

a sovereign nation and its government. It is the tragic telling of the events which led to the undermining of the nation and the usurping of its government, and the final conclusion of these events—the Austrian Anschluss.

A part of this authoritative document was written in diary form—a day-by-day log of the happenings in the life of the former Chancellor of Austria—while he was one of Hitler's many political prisoners. The remainder of the book was written from memory on the Isle of Capri, while the author was recuperating from the horrors he and his family had experienced for seven years in some of the most notorious concentration camps in Germany.

This volume is divided into three parts—Book One: Death Throes of Austria; Book Two: Austria, Keystone of Europe; Book Three: Hitler's Prisoner.

The first and third divisions move swiftly and are so absorbing as to hold the reader's interest completely. These sections are chiefly concerned with the private life of von Schuschnigg, the events leading to the Anschluss, and the experiences suffered by him and his family while prisoners. The second section presents a comprehensive study of Austria's problems past and future. It is more difficult to read than the other two sections, but it contains much information and insight into the characters of many out-



standing European leaders and the political intrigue which took place in Europe immediately preceding World War II.

The outstanding feature of this narrative is the underlying theme of Catholic philosophy and deep faith ever present in von Schuschnigg's daily life. Whether as head of the Austrian government or as an inmate in one of Hitler's prisons, this faith always remained firm. Finally, this faith was justified, his oppressors were crushed, the conflict was brought to a conclusive end, and the truth concerning the Austrian Anschluss was told to the world. This book is a generous part of that truth.

Robert H. Causland

**Testimonial To Grace.** By Avery Dulles. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1946.

Have you ever thought how reasonable the Church is? To millions of Catholics their faith is merely that priceless heritage received in childhood and then taken for granted. To every question of dogma they submissively utter "credo." May they be ever blest for their childlike simplicity.

However, to some men, of philosophical bent, Catholicity is a logical, intelligent, error-proof means to one's salvation. Their approach to it is a step by step cautious tread. They follow each argument with skillful scrutiny. Only after they have gone as far as mortal reason can convey them, do they, God's grace aiding them, pronounce that phrase of election, "I believe."

The author of *Testimonial To Grace* is a member of the latter category. He was an unbeliever. His criterion of conduct was the material pleasure derived from his activity. He had no idea of the immortality of the soul. He was a minor devotee of Darwin. He took the stand of an unbiased student and dared anyone to prove Religion to him. He deflated numerous doctrines of sundry faiths. Nevertheless, he at last fell prey to the Grace of God and to the uncompromising reasonableness of Mother Church.

Those who desire an insight into the intricacies of a convert's mind and a penetrating glance into the credibility of the Faith will be greatly refreshed by Avery Dulles' testimonial. The author cleverly depicts his early state of mind. He clearly shows the



inexorable logic of Catholicism. Mr. Dulles believed, but he wanted to be certain that his faith rested on sound principles. He was to assume an unmitigating role. "The Buddhists believed but their belief was in something false."

The man had been deeply lost in the maze of non-Christianity. He was saved, humanly speaking, through the Personality of Christ. The God Made-Man, the Miracles of Christ, the historical veracity of the Church—these could not be refuted. The cogent propositions of Mater Ecclesia pursued his mind until it acknowledged the supremacy of God and of His Divine Son, Jesus Christ.

For those sincere Catholics who wish to know what God and the Church are for, this religious autobiography carries a weighty endorsement.

Robert Hunt

**Lydia Bailey.** By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, and Company, 1947.

Kenneth Roberts, after six years of painstaking research, has come forth with another fine literary piece. The former news correspondent, Captain of Intelligence, and world adventurer, who now resides at Kennebunkport, Maine, has produced *Lydia Bailey*, which takes its place along with such other works of Roberts as *Arundel* and *Northwest Passage*.

The theme of this story is built upon the ignorance and political selfishness of the period wherein it has its setting; yet it contains a barbed meaning for many men of high position today. The story portrays realistically the havoc that stupid, blundering officials have caused and are still causing through their narrow-minded incompetence.

The experiences of Albion Hamlin make up the plot. Young Hamlin leaves his quiet existence on a New England farm to champion the cause of free speech. While defending Thomas Bailey in Justice Chase's court in Boston, he is caught up in a maelstrom of events that sweep him from the rock-bound shores of New England to the sandy wastes of Tripoli. After the heroine is made known, by virtue of Hamlin's falling in love with her portrait, events transpire rapidly. Hamlin journeys from Wash-



ington to Philadelphia and thence to Haiti. He lingers here long enough to meet his ideal lady, participate in the Haitians' struggle for independence, and gain sufficient experience to catapult himself into the throes of another conflict, this time in Tripoli.

The shift in the setting of the story comes about ostensibly because of Lydia's conscience, which makes her remain with two French children who are her wards until she sees them safely returned to France. This manipulation of sequence with the corresponding events of history, however, seem more than coincidental. The remainder of the story concerns itself with the experiences of Hamlin and Lydia after being made prisoners of the Bashaw of Tripoli. These events seem rather anti-climatic, however, after the stirring scenes depicted in Haiti, for it was here that description and plot reached their height with Roberts' adequate picturization of violent struggle, ferocities, and cruelties.

In characterization, Mr. Roberts has done another excellent job. All personalities seem rather well presented with the possible exception of, ironic enough, Lydia herself. There is a false ring to her make-up because of her unerring capacity for being right. Sir Alexander, Governor of Malta, fully explains this view in the following statement: "Bring that lady of yours to see me. I'd like to be able to say I've met a lady who's never wrong." If it was the author's intention to build up a woman, however, who was to be an ideal, the acme of perfection, then Mr. Roberts has most adequately succeeded.

With the exception of a few instances wherein there is thinness of plot, the technique employed in this novel is very good. As a whole, it is commensurate with Mr. Roberts' reputation for extensive research and conversation. This book should gain a rather high place in the literature of our nation, as it is filled with the spirit of our early years. It is a stirring tribute to the Democratic ideals which we hold so dear, yet at times so painfully ignore.

One final, pleasant impression of *Lydia Bailey* is that the sensual and sensational passages too often found in other so-called great books of today are entirely absent. It is, therefore, a happy rebuke to the less conscientious and artistic writers of this period, whose only claim to fame lies in sensational novels.

Roy F. Czarnecki



**Lord Weary's Castle.** By Robert Lowell. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1946.

**A Man In The Divided Sea.** By Thomas Merton. New York: New Directions, 1946.

Our hope for an ever-improving type of modern Catholic poetry has been sustained by the recent publication of the works of Thomas Merton and Robert Lowell. Although these men are comparatively unknown to the literary world today, they give promise of ascending the stair of recognition quickly.

Lowell's work is a collection of poems, some of which have been published in various leading magazines and in a book, *Land of Unlikeness*. The guiding light of Christian principles is never absent in Lowell's poetic approach. A unique kind of imagery, based on modern objects, modern people, and modern events, moulds his artistic experience into graphic word pictures. Iambic and trochaic metre are his stepping stones, and they are put into a wide variety of patterns.

His verse is, for the most part, predominated by a combination of the four and six line stanzas, with occasional couplets for diversity. The qualities of unity, restraint, and harmony in his verse are refreshing. Very effectively Lowell employs alliteration, as seen in the following lines:

*The search-guns click and spit and split up timber,*  
and

*Of bilge and backwash, roil the salt and sand.*

His themes include War, Religion, Love, different places and events connected with his life in Boston, and historic people.

Lowell is married to Jean Stafford, also a writer of some repute. He was converted to the Catholic faith a few years ago. It is to be noted that his name has an established character of its own in the literary world.

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Thomas Merton's work is a collection of poems written over a period of seven years—since the poet's conversion to Catholicism. It includes a previously-published section entitled *Thirty Poems*. After his conversion Merton entered the Trappist monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky. A part of the *Thirty Poems* was written



during the poet's last three years in the world, and a part during his first two years in the monastery.

Merton differs from Lowell in his range of themes, being largely concerned with religious questions. His poems, however, go a step farther toward sublimity of expression than Lowell's. Merton employs free verse throughout and also makes effective use of alliteration. His love of nature is revealed in the various poems describing the life of the monks:

*When the full fields begin to smell of sunrise  
And the valleys sing in their sleep,  
The pilgrim moon pours over the solemn darkness  
Her waterfalls of silence,  
And then departs, up the long avenue of trees.*

Such tender expression could not fail to bring the peace and quiet of his environment into our life.

Reading the poetry of these men is not easy, because they are not expressing their thoughts on the plain of the commonplace. To find their meaning is to have a clearer idea of the full significance of life. With large expectation, all Catholics should watch the growth of America's newest poets.

William H. McCaslin